## AGORDON'S PRIDE Her voice died away, and a deep, bitter sob herself; "if Heaven would take pity on me, and send me eternal rest !"

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Ethel was undecided as to how to meet Sir Oscar. It was useless to send excuses or make delays-the task must be accom-plished. She thought of going down to breakfast, and then walking out with him ; but, when she rose from her seat to make the necessary change in her dress, her limbs trembled so that she could not stand. She could not go down to breakfast and talk and laugh with those around her-she. with her strength all gone. She decided at last to write a note to him. It said

"DEAR SIR OSCAR, -- I do not feel well enough to go down to breakfast to-day. Will you meet me in an hour's time by the lakeside ? I have something very important to say to you." The maid to whom she intrusted the

The main to whom she intrusted the note smiled with delight. She little guessed the depth of despair in the heart of the hapless girl who had written it. Sir Oscar did not smile as he read. He knew Ethel so well-he understood her pride her delicate reserve, her modesty, her graceful reticence so well - that to him this little note augured ill. The "something" she had to say puzzled him—he would not even think that she was about to reject

"I am sure she likes me," he said to himself. "She is so proud that, if she did not love me, she would never have allowed me to kiss her hand—she would have dismissed me with a word. It must be some shy, girlish idea."

dy St. Norman did not feel in the least degree anxious about Ethel's absence from the breakfast table.

She likes to keep her lever in suspense," Lady St. Norman told her husband : and

Lady 55. Norman told her fusibult ; all he laughed at the idea. "When a proud girl like Ethel does give up her liberty," he said, "I suppose the happy lover pays dearly for it." He never dreamed that the shadow which

had so long darkened his daughter's life was to become perpetual gloom. Sir Oscar went to his appointment; he was impatient to know what Ethel had to say to him. He saw her in the distance, sitting under the shade of the large cedar tree, and his heart heat as he drew near her. His hope failed when she raised her color-

less face to his. "My dearest Ethel," he said, "I have have good news for me—you have been thinking of what I have said, and you will

promise to be my wife ?" He sat down by her side ; he saw on her fair face the traces of her long night-watch, and he wondered silently what she was

about to say. "If there was any prayer I could urge that I have not urged already," he said, "I would use it, Ethel. I left my life and

"I would use is, Ethel. I lets my life and ny love in your hands; you will give me something in return for them?" "I sent for you, Sir Oscar," returned Ethel, "to tell you that I am grateful for your love—for your kindness—but that I can never be your wife." Hor wice was an altered that he hardly

Her voice was so altered that he hardly recognized it; and the music seemed to have died out of it. "My dearest Ethel, that is a neat little

speech—one that you have evidently learned

speech—one that you have evidently learned by heart; but I refuse for one moment to believe that you mean it or that you intend to be so cruel to me; you could not." "I am sorry," she faltered, "but indeed it is true, I cannot marry you, Sir Oscar." Still he did not believe; it was shyness, it was coyness, it was a desire to tease him—it could not be true. He knelt before her as one who swed humbly for the favor her as one who sued humbly for the favor of a queen; he took the white cold hands in his and looked up into the exquisite

face. "You cannot mean it, Ethel. See, dearest, I kneel to you. Pray do not send me away from you. You do not know how dearly I love you. If you were to tell me to die for you, I would do so with a smile on my lips ; but I cannot leave you, Ethel. There are some things beyond a man's strength; that is beyond mine. Let death come if needs must, but not life without you l'

"I cannot marry you, Sir Osoar," she repeated—and something in the wistful anguish of her face told him the words were true. "Ethel," he asked, "do you love me?"

She raised her beautiful eyes slowly to

came from her lips. "Ethel, my darling, if you would but

trust me!" he cried. "I do trust you, but I cannot tell you my secret. I can never be your wife, Sir Oscar. The gulf between us is one that nothing can bridge over. It is deeper and darker than death." darker than death.

darker than death." "Then, Etnel," he demanded, in a voice full of anguish, "do you mean that I, with my heart and soul full of love for you— with my whole life depending on you—do you mean that it am to go away from you, and never see you again ?" The passion in his voice startled her. She laid her white hand on his. "I mean it, dear," she said, gently; "it

must be so-it cannot be helped. "Not even if it breaks my heart,

Ethel ?" "Not if it breaks your heart and mine." she answered ; "we must part, and it will

he unwise for us ever to meet again.' He buried his face in the soft silken folds of her dress, and a silence that was full of pain fell over them. When he raised his face again it was colorless as her own, with

great lines of pain round the firm lips. "How cruel women are!" he c he oried The fairest among them are more cruel than the boy who cages a bird and then tortures it to death. Ethel, you knew that

I loved you, and you took my heart in your hands only to break it. Ob, oruel—oruel and cold In "Nay, Oscar," she interrupted.

stand on the threshold of a parting that will be to both of us more bitter than death; believe me, on my word, I did not think of love. I did not know you loved me, I did not know that I loved you; I thought that we were only dear, true friends. I never meant to love any one—the knowledge came on me as a shock or a ter-

rible surprise ; but it came too late. You believe me, Oscar, do you not ?"

"My poor child, my poor Ethel, forgive me if I seemed to upbraid you. Darling, I would rather love you, and love you in vain than win the greatest affection from any one else. But, Ethel, this secret of yours-does Lord St. Norman know it ?" She looked at him, her sweet face white time in silence. "Ethel is ill," she said to herself; and

with terror. "No." she replied quickly; "and you must not lead him to suppose that there is one, Oscar. He will think I am proud and cold of heart; he must think so -better anything than that he should suspect the

"I wish you would trust me," he said. "This is not the age of mystery or romance; what secret can a fair young life like yours hold, Ethel, which should preent your being happy ?"

She, listening to him, buried her face in her hands, weeping loudly, and orying that it was all her fault-all her fault-and that she was most bitterly punished for her

sin. Ethel was the first to recover herself. Sir Oscar was like one stunned by a sudden blow. Ethel's words were so unexpected that for a time they had unmanned him. She laid her hand on his, and looked at

him. "Heaven knows." she said. "that I would have borne anything rather than have inflicted this pain apon you. I did not mean it. Will you forgive me? The only pleasant memory I can carry with me through life is that you have forgiven me !" "I have nothing to forgive," he returned gently. "I have told you, Ethel, that I would rather be unhappy with your love than happy with the truest affection of another. You will send me from you, then, Ethel?"

Ethel ?" "I must, there is no alternative. I send you from me in time, that I may meet you in eternity. I might have deceived you, and done wrong; but then there would have been no heaven for me.

I shall bear the pain of my life as bravely as I can. "You are so good, Ethel," he moaned. "I am sure you have done no wrong," And then he looked at her white face. "What

am I to do, Ethel? How am I to bear my life?" She thought of his own words in India,

and longed to repeat them. "I must bear it, too," he continued ;

"but it is the heaviest sorrow that ever man had to bear. Ethel, do you mean that I am to go back to Lord St. Norman, tell him that I have failed, and then go away without the least gleam of hope ? Do you mean that?'

"There is no hope." she replied : "and I shall be grateful to you if you will tell my father. He will be angry and disappointed, but it cannot be helped. "I will do that, or anything else for you. And this is the last time, Ethel, that I am to look into your beautiful face and hold hour hand in mine-the last time I am to whisper words to you ?" "Yes, it is the last time," she answered. "Ethel," he said, suddenly; "make me one promise—that if ever you want help you will send for me. I will not ask again ard ?" what your secret is-if you could you would tell me. But, if ever there comes a time when 1 can help you-when a strong right arm, an earnest will, a devoted heart may be of service to you-will you send for "I will," she said. "Another request, my darling—if I lie dying and send for you, will you come to bid me farewell ?" "Without fail," she promised. "May I write to you, Ethel," he asked— "not often, but sometimes—so that I may hear from yourself that you are living and "It will be better not. Try to forget me, dear-try even, if you can, to find some one else more worthy of your great and generous love ; try to forget me, for I can never be your wife, and we two must henceforth be as strangers." As she said the words he saw her face grow paler, and he knew that her strength was fast failing her. The greatest kindness that he could do for her would be to shorten his terrible parting and to leave her. The same idea seemed to strike Ethel. She held out her hand to him.

How could she go back through the sun

silence until death came and took her from her sorrow. She could not find relief in tears, as some

would have done; her grief lay too deep for that. She had said good by to him, her only love; there was nothing now but patient endurance. Life could give her no greater sorrow, and it held no more joy ; it was all over-all ended. As she sat there in the glow of sunshine,

As she set there in the glow of subshift, her short sad life passed in review before her—the happy, careless days, when her graceful, fantastic, imperious rule at Foun-tayne had filled the whole house with sunshine, and her own heart with delight : the days when she had rejoiced in her father's love, happy and bright as the birds and the butterflies, desiring nothing beyond it; the darker time, when pride, anger, and revenge had taken possession of her-the short, fleeting fancy that had ended so terribly

and so tragically. "There is no excuse for me," she moaned -"no excuse ; but was ever human being

more hardly punished for their sin?" What great, unutterable happiness had been offered to her, which she had been compelled to put aside! She might have been the happiest woman living. She might have been Sir Oscar's wife. All the love, the joy, the happiness that life holds might have been hers, but she had been obliged to put it from her and think of it no more. She raised her white, despairing face to the smiling heavens. "I have deserved it all," she said ; "but

I am hardly punished for my sin."

It was noon before she left the shade of the cedar-tree and returned to the house. Lady St. No man saw her walking across the lawn, and she wondered why she walked so slowly and so sadly. She looked at her face—it was colorless, with lines of pain all around the sweet, trembling lips. Lady St. Norman watched her for some

she went out to meet her. She said no word when she came near

her-there was something in Ethel's face which forbade speech-but she went up to her room with her, and closed the door. Then, with open arms, she turned to her

step daughter. "Ethel," she said, gently, "what is it ? And Ethel, clasping her white arms round the kindly neck, hid her face on Helen's breast.

"What is it. my dear ?" asked Lady St. Norman. She felt Ethel shivering like one extremely cold. "Helen," said the faint, broken voice

"you were always good to me-always kind to me-shield me now a little Stand between me and the world."

"I will," promised Lady St. Norman; "tell me one thing, Ethel. Have you refused Sir Oscar?" refused Sir Oscar?" "Yes," she replied ; "I have refused him, and he is gone." And then, without another word, Lady St. Norman laid Ethel down upon her bed. "Try to sleep my dear," she said ; "your

face is flushed, and your eyes burn. Would it relieve you—would you like to tell me why you have refused Sir Oscar? I thought you loved him."

The girl turned from her with a weary

eigh. "Do not ask me to do so, Helen. You have always been kind to me; but the greatest kindness you can do from this time forth will be never to mention his name again ;" and Ethel turned from the kindly face bent over her-turned from

the sunlight and closed her eyes, like one tired of life. Lady St. Norman was considerate. She

Lady St. Norman was considerate. She saw that Ethel was barassed by some secret sorrow, and though she was both surprised and puzzled, she did not comment upon it. With a grave, anxious look on her face she went down to Lord St. Norman. She found him alone, and certainly, from the expression of his countenance,

ooking not well pleased. "Helen," he said, "I cannot understand this. Ethel has refused Sir Oscar, and he has gone away. I thought she liked him. How difficult she is to please! I cannot tell you how annoyed I am."

It was the mission of this fair gentlewoman to be a peace-maker. With a gentle caressing touch she laid her hand on her husband's shoulder. "I know Leonard," she said ; "I am very

again and again. The exquisite face had never regained its dainty bloom, but the beauty of it was peerless—the sad, sweet beauty of it was peeriess—the sad, sweet lips, the tender, thoughtful eyes, were more lovely than ever. The graceful figure had reached its full perfection; there was a queenly dignity about Ethel, a sweet, tender gravity that could come only from sor-row patiently borne. Hers was the peerless beauty of perfect womanhood—a royal dower of grace—and she wore her sorrow

like a diadem. She had suffered long and keenly after Sir Oscar went away, and then she learned more than ever to value Lady St. Nor-man's love and to dness. Helen shielded her from the world, she saw that the girl's heart was bruised and she did her be st to comfort her. She stood between her and all impertinent comment, all curious ques-tions-she shielded her from remark, she bore nationally with her long hours of weary abstraction and depression. Time passed on, and her tender kindness never failed. Lord St. Norman concealed his disappoint-ment as well as he could; it was owing to his wife's gentle admonition that he never

showed it to Ethel. For some means she had declined going to London during the season, and, finding that the idea of it only gave her pain, Lord St Norman ceased to mention it. It became a settled thing that, when Lord and Lady St. Norman went to town, she should remain at Norman's Keep. She so con-stantly refused all invitations, that after a time people ceased to invite her. She was obliged to meet the society that her father gathered round him, but it soon became an understood thing that Miss St. Norman "never went anywhere."

Of course people talked; those who remembered her during her first brilliant season in London were astomated that she should never return to increase her triumphs. The graat people of the great world regretted the beautiful Miss St. Norman. Those who had been her rivals wondered at her; people asked each other why she, who was so young and so beautiful, had given up the pleasures of the world, and had buried herself in the country. For the first year or two many invitations were sent to her, but she refused them all.

"You should try to enjoy life. Ethel." said Lady St. Norman to her one day; and Ethel, looking at her with sad, sweet eyes, said, simply-"What people call life, ended for me

long ago, Helen." It seemed like 't. All her girlish vivacity

disappeared ; a sweet, patient gravity that did not belong to her years had taken its place. She offered no murmur, she uttered no regret ; she seemed like one who stood aside while her life with all its crowd of events passed by her. There could be no more change for her. Suns rose and set, tides ebbed and flowed, the seasons came and went, but all that was left for her to do was to wait in patience until the end came. Never more would her heart stir even faintly with hope--never more would joy or happiness still her pulse or flush her face; it was all over, and she was waiting for the end. How long would it be in coming? How

many dreary years must pass first? For, though her sorrow was great, she had the gifts of strength and health. She asked herself sometimes how much longer these would last, and how far off the longed-for end could be. It might not come for years and years. She pictured the years as they spread out in dreary length before her. They would be spent at Norman's Keepshe would never care to leave it again; and each year would be the last—each would be dreary, hopeless, and desolate. So slowly and surely would ebb away the life that might, but for her own folly, have been so bright and joyous. Cheerfully she did all the little duties

that fell to her lot-she went to the village to assist the poor and sick; and then people looked at the beautiful, saddened face, and wondered why Miss St. Norman was differ ent from any one else. While the Sabbath bells were chiming.

she walked with Lord St. Norman to the grand old parish church. Those who saw her then never forgot her-the beautiful, listless, weary face, the sad eyes that always seemed to be looking so far away, the sweet lips that were so rarely parted to smile.

She sat in the old church, while the sun streamed through the windows and the hildren's voices were raised in song; but those who saw her there said she looked more like the marble statue of a saint than like a living woman.

If she heard that any of the villagers

HORSE RACING IN SPAIN.

Curious Sights and Sounds at an Andalu sjan Course-Spectators who Interest the Strangers as Much as the Sports Do-Gay Colors and Strange Music The Spanish Newmarket.

The morning sunlight, flinging eff one by the exceptions the borses are ridden by professional English jockeys. The scale of weights ranges from 50 to 80 kos, (110 pounds to 124 pounds). Over one hundred ic its tints and shades of pearly gray and delicate purple, settles down into the deep, concentrated, unwinking glare of a Spanish autumnal day, bringing out the bold dark shadows of the broad orange tree leaves. and dropping the slender pomegranate foliage where the ruby-hearted fruit no longer lurks. Down on the white walls and dusty streets of the Andalusian town to death in the royal stables). Rifle (by Musket), Chancellos (by Exchecquer), Fitz Plutus, Pagnotte, Double-Blanc, Vesuve of Jerez-de-la-Frontera falls the steady sunblaze and finds the place unusually stirring ; business is thrown aside, and the great monarch of the place (wine) rests for this day at least in peace, and little obtains Juventus (by Wild Oats-Apology), and Cornist. The most prominent among the larg breeders of the thoroughbreds are the Duke attention save particulars of the anticipated of Fernan Nunez, with Pagnotte for a sire 'Carrera dos caballos,'' which even excites and Mr. W. Garvey, a noted sherry shipper of Jerez, with Monarch. The Marquis De Saltilo, of Seville, stands easily at the head something faintly resembling interemin the listless, brown-faced Spaniards, who smoke perpetual cigarettes under the house walls, of the breeders of the half breed class. By and whose eyes are ever closed under the knotted handkerchiefs that bind their royal decree a peninaular stud-book was started some twelve months ago. The noble army of "bookies" is

heads. At the appointed time there lumbers up to the starting-place a vehicle chosen to carry us to the course, a distance of some six miles, and, after taking in sundry promising packages of solids and liquids, away we go through the narrow street from the Fonda, as merry a party as the tradi-tional crickets. With a rattle and a jolt, and with the " crack, crack " of the driver's whip ginging like pistol shots, we strike into the long, brown, sandy road, where that abominable vegetable, the prickly pear, forms on either side a most formida-

ble hedge. Broiling hot and dusty stretches the way to the ground, not closely packed with lines of carriages, but bright with color and motley in character. Here comes a young Spaniard, driving his chestnuts, there goes an Englishman, turning out as an Englishman should; now we pass some muleteers, wearing round hats with a ball on crown and brim, and with

their waists swathed in gaily-colored sashes, who jog merrily onward, sitting sideways on their mules, and puffing eigarette smoke through their nostrils; then a regiment of beggars, patriarchically bearded, ragged and filthy.

sure, accomplished the freedom of men, exhibiting maimed limbs or huge scars and asking alms in the peculiar nasal whine in the labor of the men will be as free as the bodies of the men. (Loud cheers.) The Duke of Argyll said the great men of which Spanish mendicants always pester you in this land of pestering mendicants; nations help to form the greatness of nations. Well, I should say that these great nations—the one on this side of the next an Andalusian peasant, gay in costume and with his hair tied in a pigtail with colored ribbons, carrying a girl behind him on his horse, and after the style of the old English pillion; then the inevitable boys, Atlantic, and the one that promises to be much greater on the other side of the Atlantic-these two nations will, to a great extent, guide the future policy of the world. whose dirty white shirts are tucked into ragged blue or yellow trousers, over which (Hear, hear.) It often strikes me as a very curious thing that in America the Massaare twisted sashes that have once been scarlet—boys who chant the monotonous country songs in a long-drawn falsetto that chusetts man has not the slightest objection to deal commercially with somebody sets your teeth on edge ; and sweeping by comes a carriage full of senoritas, darkin California or in the extreme South, in Louisiana or Texas : but he has the greatest objection-no one can tell why, except eved, black-eved, and with that most use that it is a superstition-to trade with peo

eyed, black-eyed, and with that most use-ful and indispensable of instruments, the fan, going in full force. The road is in an uproar, for one carriage calleth to another; the ladies, pleased to get a day's pleasure out of doors-not, I ple in Canada or in Great Britain and Ire-land. But why? If we were all shoved into the United States: if we were one country, with only one object, nobody would deny believe, a very usual occurrence, except when the family is more or less Anglicized that anything would be more natural than that manufacturers of the two countries -chat and laugh with their fathers and brothers in the pretty, lisping dialect that gives the z's, o's and many of the s's the sound of "th;" the peasants shout and should intermingle, and everybody would agree that it was not only the but also the most profitable thing for the population of the two countries. (Hear, hear.) My point is that the great question of mili-tary preparations, establishments and wars will receive in all probability sing and get generally excited at the dingy little "posado" among the prickly pear hedges, where you obtain---if you can drink it-country wine, but where the thoughtful proprietor also dispenses cold water at a farthing a glass. And so horses, mules, donkeys, carriages and people arrive at the a more ocmplete solution by the free com-mercial intercourse of nations than from any other teaching; that if you allow the any other teaching; that if you allow the people of other countries frankly and openly to trade with each other, they will learn the lessons of peace from the pages of their ledgers. (Cheers). These ground, which is simmering in the heat like a huge oven, and decked with many a gaudy flag, from the red and yellow of Spain to our own Union Jack. Here we have mili-tary element enough! Soldiers to keep the ground and soldiers to look on; vast armies in Europe—you ought to thank heaven every day that you are not Europe little linesman, baggy as to nether garments, improbable as the (laughter and cheers)-these vast armies in Europe are kept up under the pretence and with the use of the argument that the his to his forage cap, and somewhat slouching in his "set-up;" the cavalry soldier, wasp-waisted, clad in his sky-blue jacket abounding in braid, and carrying his people will bear the cost of them; they are kept up, it is said, to safeguard the peace of the nations to which they belong. There is nothing under heaven so adverse to peace ourved sabre; the gendarme, quaintly cocked hatted, with old fashioned lapelled as the establishment and maintenance of coat. breeches and cross-belts. And there. these great armies. (Oheers). I am satissomewhat less conspicuous, are others badged like watermen, and carrying oldfied that, if it were possible for England

and France and Germany and Austria and Russia and Italy to abolish the tariffs and fashioned pieces, on which the ugly little copper cap gleams ominously. These are let commerce flow freely, it would be beyond onginted to act a constables Whether they have now dispensed with their lethal weapons I cannot say, but on the occasion of which I am writing they bore them, and seemed quite prepared to use them if required, although the place was wonderfully free from the genus

## Listen to Your Wife.

The Manchester GUARDIAN, June 8th, 1683, says At one of the

secondly, thoroughbreds in the Peninsula, and, thirdly, half-breds (horses with any "Windows" Looking on the woodland ways ! With Spanish strain), Arabs and Barbs. The greater portion of the racing establish-ments are owned by Spaniards, but with alumps of rhododendroms and great masses of May lossoms !!! " There was an inter-

esting group. It included one who had been a " Cotton spinner," but was now so Paralyzed [ ] ]

That he could only bear to lie in a reclining position. This refers to my case. I was Attacked twelve years ago with thoroughbred horses and mares have of late years been imported from England and France. I may mention Thunder-stone, Monkcastle, Monarch (by Lord Cliff den), Britomartis (who was recently burnt

Vesuve

races, which amounted in 1883 to about

£8,000, is divided among three classes of horses : first, thoroughbreds imported ;

Mutuel system appears to be established at

all the Spanish races, but betting does not

seem to be carried on to a very heavy

Sport, however, is keenly appreciated

both hy the Spanish themselves and the English residents, and I, for one, wish

them every success in their efforts for the

advancement of honest and straightforward

FUTURE OF THE STATES

How it Appears to America's Greatest

English Friend.

don to Minister Phelps : I believe the time

will come-I do not expect to live to see it

myself, although I may see some advance toward it, but I believe my children and

grandchildren will as certainly see it as

anything before the eye now-I believe the time will come whon the American nation,

having, by vast sacrifices of blood and trea-

Said John Bright at the dinner in Lon-

extent.

both by

aoing.

"Locomoter Ataxy" (A paralytic disease of nerve fibre rarely cured

and was for several years not able to attend to my business, although And for the last Five years not able to

attend to my business, although

Many things have been done for me. The last experiment being Nerve stretching. Two years ago I was voted into the Home for Incurables ! Near Manchester,

n May, 1882.

lam no "Advocate"; "For anything iu the shape of patent" Medicines ? And made many objections to my dear wife's constant urging to try Hop Bitters,

but finally to pacify herlargely represented in Spain. A few French book-makers attend the Madrid and Barcelona meetings, and the PariConsented 11

I had not quite finished the first botil when I felt a change come over me. Thu, was Saturday, November 3rd. On Sunday morning I felt so strong I said to my roon companions, "I was sure I could "Walk!

" WAIK I Bo started across the floor and back. I hardly knew how to contain myself. I was all over the house. I am gaining strength each day, and can walk quite safe without any "Stick!" "Stick!" a win quot due to the destruction of the second o

Hops on the white label. Shun all the vie poisoncus stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

There are 51,252 post-offices, of which

2,233 are worth over \$1,000 each, and are

filled by presidential appointments. The Postmaster General attends to the balance

A Terrible Tragedy.

A terrible tragedy was happily averted

the other evening by the presence of mind

of the wife of one of our most respected citizens. The family consists of the hus-band, wife and two children. We briefly

narrate the thrilling experience of this family. Mr. X. hurriely entered the room where his wife and family were seated and from the determined expression

upon his face, Mrs. X. saw at once that something was amiss. He demanded bis razor, which had accidently been removed

Tazor, which had accidently been removed The horror experienced by Mrs. X. may be imagined, and in order to devert bis atten-tion inquired for what purpose he wanted to use it. Imagine her relief when he stated his intention of removing a orrn or two which ached terribly, and like a true

woman she was equal to the cocasion, for

she had already purchased a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, of

which, on every hand, she had heard noth

The General Assembly of Scotland had

the question of instrumental music up

majority of a 100 it was determined that the oburches should be at liberty to intro-

duce instruments of music into the service

of praise whenever a large majority of the congregation so voted. How many are

congregation so voted. How many are necessary to make a "large" majority is not stated.

Honest and True

This is eminently the case with Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain oure. It is an honest remedy, for it contains the most powerful, the purset and most certain pain

subduing remedies known to medical science. It is honest, for it does all it

claims to do. It is honest, because it is the

best in the world. It only costs 10 or 25 cents to try it, and you can buy a bottle at

any drug store. Nerviline cures toothache, neuralgia, pain in the back and side. All

pains are promptly relieved by Polson's Nerviline.

again at its recent sessions, and by

Avoid the evils of domestig

ing but praise. Avoid the evils of dome life by using Putnam's Corn Extractor.

and has a very pleasant time of it.

his, and in their shadowed depths he nothing but despair. "Yes," she replied, "I love you.

might say 'No.' I might speak falsely. I might make some evasive answer, but it would be useless, quite useless. I love you, Sir Oscar, but I can never be your wife." His face flushed as he listened to her;

the hapless expression of her face, the dreary sound of her voice filled him with

dismay. "Ethel," he said, gently, "will you answer me one question? When a man has to die, he may ask for a reason. Tell me-do you love any one else " No." she replied, sadly "I do not."

"Have you ever loved any one else ?"

' No," she answered, earnestly-" never

in all my life." "Yet you cannot marry me! Oh, Ethel, you are saying it to try me! You cannot be in earnest, my beautiful love!"

"It is true, Sir Oscar," said the girl. "I love you alone of all the world. I shall never love any one else. let me live as long as I

may." He looked thoughtfully at her.

"Ethel, you know that Lord St. Norman not only favorable to our marriage, but he is desirous of it.'

"I know that," she said.

There can be no objection on that score.

If your father were unwilling, however dearly I might love you, I would not urge my suit—honor would forbid it; but he is anxious for our marriage, Ethel. I am rich enough to be able to give you all the splendor and luxury your heart can desire. I cannot, look which way I will, find any grounds for your refusal to marry me." "It is not that I will not," she said,

sadiv. "You do not understand. Sir Oscar -I cannot. It is hard for me for I love you.

"Then, darling, be my wife; after all it can be but a fancied scruple—nothing more."

The saddest smile that ever came over a

but can never be your wife because I have a secret in my life."

"A secret Ethel!" he repeated. He looked at the pale, beautiful face, with its sad, sweet lips and tender eyes. "I should not care, my darling, if you had five hun-dred! Oh, Ethel, trust me; you are young and inexperienced, and what you deem of moment may be nothing after all. I am quite sure of one thing-there can be nothg in your beautiful, pure young life to unfit you to be my wife.

"Thank you for your generous trust in me," she responded ; " but my secret will prevent my marrying you."

"Will you trust me with it?" he asked, anxiously. "Not that I would know it from idle curiosity, but that I might help you, Ethel.

You cannot help me. I must bear my sorrow alone until I die. I oling to your esteem. I cannot tell you my secret. Be generous, and do not ask me to do so."

'I would stake my existence on your good ness, Ethel. If you yourself told me, I would not believe that you had done wrong. I would never believe but that you are the purest and best, even as you are the most beautiful of women."

autiful of women." "That depends on what you call wrong. l cannot tell you what I did. I will not tell you my secret. I did not do wrong willingly. I was young, foolish, blind."

"Oscar," she said, gently, "say good-by to me here and now."

He clasped her in his arms, and she did not shrink from him—it was the last caress, sad and solemn as though she lay on ber deathbed and he had come to say farewell. "Good-by, my love-my wife that should

have been; my dear and only love good-He kissed the white lips, not once but a

hundred times. Strong man as he was, tears fell from his eyes.

"Ethel, say one kind word to me, that ] may take it with me through the long years to comfort me."

She bent her sweet face near his. "I love you, Oscar," she whispered; good-by-Heaven bless you and comfort

you; good-by." Gently and tenderly he unclassed her arms from his neck and placed her on the pretty rustic seat; once more he kissed her lips, once more he said "good-by, my love

-good-by," and then, with an effort so great that it seemed to rend his heart, he turned away and left her. He did not look back; if he had done so

he must have returned to her again-and that his reason and judgment opposed. He walked with rapid footsteps toward the house, and was soon lost to sight. She watched him until his tall figure had disappeared between the trees.

"Good-by, my love, good-by," she repeated, with white lips; and then, draw-ug her shawl around ber, she sat perfectly

It seemed to her that she was passing through the bitterness of death. Hour after hour sped on, and still she sat there, unable to move, dreading the time when she must look life in the face again. "If I could but die here," she said to

sorry; but I want to speak to you about Ethel. Do not be angry with her-she is

"She is never likely to be," asserted his lordship, angrily. "I wonder whom she would really think good enough for her?" "Do you know what my idea is, Leon "No," he replied, softened by the sweet-

ness of his wife's voice and the grace of her manner. "It is a sensible idea I am sure!" "I believe that Ethel, in spite of all her beauty and pride, has had some great sor-row in her life."

row in her life." "What sorrow could she have unknown to us?" he asked. "I cannot tell. She is proud and reserved, you know. Perhaps she has liked some one very much who has not oared for her; she is not happy; and I think that must be the cause. Do not say anything to her, Leonard. Leave her to me."

me." He did not like the idea of his beautiful

Ethel s being unhappy. "I shall not say anything to her, Helen,' he said. "You must manage her as you can. You understand her better than I do." And when, after the lapse of a few days Lord St. Norman saw his daughter again, he said no word to her of Sir Oscar; nor when he heard that Sir Oscar Charloote had left England did he tell her about it.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Ten years had passed since the fatal summer morning when Ethel Gordon had gone out to her fate-ten long years-and during the course of them she had never heard one word of or from Laurie Carrington. She did not know whether he was alive or dead; all she did know was that she was bound for life in chains, the weight of which grew heavier day by day. She did not want to hear from him. She did not oare where he was, nor what he was doing. He had duped her more cruelly than ever woman had been duped before. She detested his name, she loathed his memory : but across that detestation and loath ing came the memory of the great, pas-sionate love he had borne her, and it softended her heart in some slight degree. She never expected to hear of him again. It was ten vears since that fatal morning He might be living or he might be dead-she should never know; but her life would be passed in suspense. She was not afraid of his finding her. "If he had wanted to find me," she said to herself, "he would

have managed it before now." It was eight years since the summer morning when she had said farewell to her lover. During all that time she had never heard from him. His name was occasion-ally mentioned in society, and atrangers stated that he had gone to Africa. She heard of his travelling in Egypt and the Holy Land. She also heard people wondering why he did not return to England and settle at home. But from himself she

had no word. had no word. Ten years had gradually changed Ethel She was a graceful, lovely girl when she went to St. Ina's; now at twenty eight she was in the pride of her magnificent womanhood. Sorrow had done for her what noth ing else could have done-it had refined

and increased her beauty; the glorious the bust, 264 inches tail, 31 increase about the eyes were no longer bright with happy is bust, 264 inches round the waist, 35 over the high, 114 inches round the ball of the arm and 64 around the wrist. Her hands something that made one look at them

re in trouble, she never rested until she had done her best to comfort them, but she avoided all scenes of gayety and amuse ment. Lady St. Norman was distressed to see her turn one day faint and shuddering from the merry chimes of wedding. bells, yet neither Lord St. Norman nor his wife ever asked what had caused the change in her.

They were speaking of her one evening, when Lord St. Norman said—

"I am grievously disappointed in my daughter-she is so changed, Helen. She used to be bright and lively; her laugh was free and unrestrained. She was the pleasantest, sweetest girl you can imagine—even her pride, her petulance, her odd caprices, had a charm of their own—she had a quick word for every one; now her pride, her vivacity, her girlishness seem all to have died together. I cannot imagine what has ohanged her."

(To he continued.)

## The Fighting Instinct in Man.

There is not the slightest certainty that any invention, however terrible, would put an end to war: while there is almost a certainty that if such an invention were perfected it would grievously increase the miseries of mankind. Taken in the lump, miseries of mankind. Taken in the lump, men will face any means of destruction whatscover, if also they possess it them-selves. Give two men pistols, and they will fight across a handkerchief. They are not afraid of death, but only of death without a chance of victory. King Theodore of Abyssinia asked his courtiers, when the

rocket sticks fell at his feet, if he could reasonably be expected to face things like those, and ultimately, in pure despair of defeating science with unscientific weapons, killed himself; but if he also had possessed rockets he would have fought on. No men, not even Prussian sailors or English sailors. will face shells without shells to throw back; but when they have shells they face the enemy's shell as bravely as they did the old round shot. The methods

of war are changed by science, but war is not extinguished. Suppose it true that able chemists and mechanicians could invent a method of throwing asphyxiating vapor on a sl ping army, what would be the result? F.st, the adoption of some protective covering, such as iron-clad huts for sleeping in; next, the adoption of a spread the method of er camping which army over a surface too great or too uneven to be reached; and next, the use of such devices as were used by the assailing force. Huxley would march with his fishermen to

choke Tyndall and his Alpine climber. War would then consist mainly of efforts to obtain advantageous positions, from which showers of death would be thrown, but wer would not cease. Forlorn hopes would be organized among chemists or mechanicians as easily as among soldiers, enormous rewards would be paid to the new warriors, and nations would fight each other as briskly as ever.-London Spectator.

To meet the requirements of a classic figure a lady should be 5 feet  $4\frac{3}{4}$  inches tall, 32 inches bust measure, 24 inches waist, 9 inches from armpit to waist, long arms and neck. A queenly woman, however, should be 5 feet 5 inches tall, 31 inches about the

A New York report says: Mrs. Grant will have a competency from the sale of "rough," which, in sunny Spain, is quite as dangerous and more deadly than his Gen. Grant's book, so that she can afford to lift the mortgages for \$52,000 on the house English counterpart.

We have not long to wait before a hoarse at 3 East Sixty-sixth street. But the family bell jangles out its summons, and those engaged in the first race move up to the will probably never occupy the house again. They never felt at home there after the removal of Gen. Grant's war relics and memorial treasures in May. Gen. Grant's connection with Grant & Ward led his starting point with little ceremony, and a warm point they must find it. for the glare of the sun makes one glad to remain in the relatives to invest their possessions with shady stand, or under the shadow of the adjacent paddock, as the course itself is a long flat of brown, flecked here and there the firm, and when the crash came it swept away not only the fortunes of Gen. Grant and of his wife and three sons, but of four with a tiny leafless flower, like unmelting snowflake, and without a tree to break the families of blood relations. Gen. Grant felt responsibility for the support of all monotony, or a vestige of herbage save the spiky, dun-colored "monkey-date." The gay colors of the riders-with few excepthose dependent upon him on account of the failure, and for all of them he expected tions amateurs – glance in the white and quivering stulight, and as the winner rolls in, yells of delight break from the friends of the dumpy little Spaniard to make provision from what the book would yield. Mrs. Grant, who receives the benefit of the book without qualification, may use the money as she chooses, but she will undoubtedly follow out Gen. Grant's who has succeeded in passing the post before his rivals. And now the military band blares out a somewhat brazen walts. A good band it is, and powerful in lung, but still in the night will undoubtedly follow out Gen. Granes plan of benefaction. She will sell the Long Branch cottage. Col. Fred. Grant will have his father's library and all his papera, many of which are very valuable. Some of many of which are very valuable. Some of them are autograph letters of European rulers. U. S. Grant, jun., may remain on his New Jersey farm. Jesse Grant has a

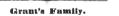
power of that performer upon an instru-ment that shudders gloomly through the shriller oornets, and makes us think of Zamiel and that wonderful incantation Zamiel and that wonderful incantation scene in the wolf's glen. It is fitful, it is despairing, at times falling suddenly silent, when we begin to hope that fatigue has at length overcome him. We picture to ourselves his fainting and being supported by his condoling companions, when there bursts forth a note so low that it freezes the blood in our veins. It seems as though we can hear Plutto directing death to seize Sisyphus, when " the voice went receding down the storm !"

More races---notably in which certain Englishmen are prominent-more music, more ghostly, brazen notes, and so the day runs on, and the races are all over, the jokes all said, and the wine all consumed, as hath been the custom of race meetings from time immemorial. In conclusion, I may add that some years have been passed since the meeting at Jerez-de-la-Frontera which I have attempted to describe, and alterations have been made effecting vast mprovements in Spanish racing. It may, perhaps, be of interest to give a few fact to show the position the sport holds in the estimation of Spaniards.

Jerez, which might almost be called the Spanish Newmarket, was the spot in which racing was first introduced in the year 1868. Since that time clubs have been formed at Seville, Cadiz, Cordova, Granada, Barcelona and Madrid. Lisbon alone in Portugal represents a racing centre. At almost all these centres permanent studs, paddooks and race-courses exist, and sport is carried on according to English and French racing rules. H. M. King Alfonso

is a stanch supporter of sport, to which probably his English military education gave him an inclination, and he is honorary When Annie Leon left New York twentytwo years ago to attend her husband and president of all the above mentioned clubs The Madrid establishment, where the best sport now takes place, cost upward of £70,000. The added money to the Peninsular at Columbus, O.

A scarcely religious subject to be A scarcely religious subject to be dis-cussed in the Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in New Haven, next October, is "The Ethics of the Tariff Question." he possibility of King or Queen, of the Czar or Kaiser, or statesmen of any rank, to bring those nations to war. (Cheers).



Is it Not Singular

that consumptives should be the least apprehensive of their own condition, while all their friends are urging and beseeching them to be more careful about exposure and overdoing ? It may well be considered one of the most alarming symptoms of the disease, where the patient is reckless and will not believe that he is in danger. Reader, if you are in this condition, do not neglect the only means of recovery. Avoid exposure and fatigue, be regular in your habits, and use faithfully of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It has saved thousands who were steadily failing.

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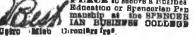
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rescript, highly praising their services to the throne and country and expressing full confidence in their continued fidelity and devotion. In all the principal towns of the empire the fete was kept with general accord, while at St. Petersburg and Moscow

various ceremonies, processions and balls were arranged. One well known member of the nobility signallized the event by entirely remitting all arrears of land redemption taxes owed by his former peasants, amounting to 280,000 rubles.

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